

THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI.

THE LAST PESSIMIST.

There was once a queer little wizened man, with a burning and baleful eye. Whose heart was sore with the hate it held For the lights that blaze on high. And when at evening the sun went down, And the planets in glory shone, He would dance about in a frenzied way And mutter and curse and groan. One night when his soul was a fiery thing Of hatred and discontent, He put out a star that winked at him— His passion had found a vent. And night after night, as time went by, The hour of his rapture came; And star after star was turned as black As the coals that follow flame. Then darker and darker grew the sky, And madder the weird man's mood. He swallowed the berries that passed away As a hungry imp his food. Some nights his horrible fantasy Would ruin a thousand stars: Where once had glittered the gems of light Gaped nothing but bald, black scars. And ever and ever, as time went by, His hunger for gloom increased. He wiped the dimper from off the sky— That night he had had a feast. Then once when his soul was unsatisfied, And he hated the thought of day, This madcap man in his misery Made ink of the Milky Way. And still the sun and the moon came up, Though dim at the ends of space. While he swore the universe should not bear One smile upon its face. And ever his power increased and grew, Till the moon became his prey, And with one fell swoop he swamped the sun And ended the final day. And all men died, save the little fiend, Who groveled in sore affliction; Then he, too, perished, and dying cried: "Oh, God! for a ray of light!" —Edward S. Van Zile, in Once a Week.

COWSLIP GREENS.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

WHEN I enjoyed my vicarious there wa'n't nothin' that I thought so much of as a mess of cowslip greens," said Mrs. Tibbetts, plaintively, surveying a huge pan filled with tropical-looking leaves and brilliant yellow blossoms. "And the blows carry me right back to East Macedonia and the pretty smells there used to be there in the spring of the year. Seems as if spring hadn't a fair chance here in Potiphar City. Your father used to like a mess of pork and greens—"

"Oh, ma, I wish you wouldn't want such dreadfully vulgar things!" Addie Luella, who was sixteen, had tears of vexation in her pretty blue eyes. "And I wish you could get over East Macedonia. The Parkhursts came from there, too, but who would think it? They're the very first people in Potiphar City and—Addie Augustus wouldn't invite me to the Charity club tableaux."

The reason for the little fine pucker that had been all day between Addie Luella's brows had come out now. Mrs. Tibbetts looked vaguely perplexed and troubled; she dimly comprehended that to have a social oblivion of grammar and of social aspirations made life full of pin pricks for Addie Luella.

In Potiphar City one was nothing if not stylish. Fifteen years before, the city had been a strip of unclaimed prairie; now it was a great lumber town with most of the appliances of civilization and all the fashions.

Hiram Tibbetts, coming from East Macedonia, in Maine, did his share in reclaiming the prairie and made a fortune in lumber. "Pa" was quite a magnate of Potiphar City; but of what use was that, demanded Addie Luella, with tears, if ma would be so common and old-fashioned.

"I guess you'll have to do your social climbin' without your ma," said good Hiram Tibbetts, gazing with pride upon his pretty daughter. "Pa" did understand a little.

"It don't seem a mite like Addie Luella to get so stuck up," said Mrs. Tibbetts, reflectively. "When we was girls to East Macedonia, there wa'n't nobody so intimate as Addie and me; and I named you for her and she named Augustus for me. Enoch Parkhurst and your father are second cousins, too, and it's a dreadful clanish family; they stick to one another through thick and thin. But your father and Enoch had difficulty about some rail-

anything wrong, but he lost his head when he began to get into trouble, and there are doubts about the way some of the bank's money is invested."

"Do you suppose there won't be any tableaux, Hi?" asked Addie Luella, breathlessly.

"Oh, Gusta don't know anything about it yet, of course, nor her mother either. I saw them driving around this morning with that pair of spanking bays and a new carriage. I suppose he thinks he must keep up appearances."

"I'm glad we don't have to," said Mrs. Tibbetts, drawing a long breath. "I declare, if we have gone such different ways I feel a nearness to Addie when she's in trouble. Kind of queer that I was thinkin' of her this mornin'. I expect 'twas because seein' them cowslips in a peddler's wagon fetched old times right back to me. I run right out and bought all he had— and now I don't know as I know exactly what to do with 'em all. Your father used to like a mess of pork and greens."

Addie Luella sighed heavily; but she helped herself to all the blossoms, and made of her bouquet what her friend, Trixy Vainwright, called a symphony in yellow with them, and filled a great punch bowl with them to decorate the dinner table. "Ma" said she loved to smell posies when she was eating; but she didn't like the candles with which Addie Luella persisted in lighting the table; she said candles were "old-fashioned in East Macedonia when she was a girl, and what was the sense of havin' 'em when they had electric lights?"

"Pa" looked askance at the cowslip greens; he said he used to like 'em when he was a boy; but he guessed with his dyspepsy he wouldn't risk it. Mrs. Tibbetts looked at the neglected dish of greens and had an inspiration (she kept it private, as she did many of her inspirations, lest they should be frowned upon by Addie Luella). She put some of the greens, with a slice of pork on top, into a dish of the old clover-leaf china that was her mother's—they seemed to belong in something old-fashioned—and sent them to Miss Lucretia Lund, who had come from Maine to keep house for her brother. She placed the dish in a dainty basket and slipped a card inside conveying her compliments; that would impart a little air of style to the affair, which was desirable in view of the fact that Addie Luella might find it out.

"Cowslip greens from Mrs. Hiram Tibbetts; that's what the servant said." Miss Lucretia Lund took the clover-leaf china cover off the dish and sniffed daintily. Then she looked across the table at her brother—for the basket had been brought in while they were at dinner—and made a wry face. "Of course it's very kind of her, but what queer messes these western people do have!" she said. For Miss Lucretia was only about thirty, had lived in a Maine city, and never in her life had heard of cowslip greens. "We can't eat them—pork, just think of it! But it seems they're a delicacy; and I think I'll send them around to Mrs. Parkhurst, who sent me that delicious pineapple preserve; it is so much the fashion here to send dainties about."

"Cowslip greens, with my compliments to Mrs. Parkhurst, Mike," she said to her servant, and dispatched the basket all unwitting of the card which Mrs. Tibbetts had slipped into it.

The Parkhursts were dining when the basket arrived; but the meal was a hurried one, because one of the children had been taken suddenly ill with tonsillitis.

"Cowslip greens? dear me, I don't know what they are," said Mrs. Parkhurst; "but I am sure they must be very nice." For Miss Lund is a fine housekeeper. We don't care for greens at all; I think I'll send them around to Mrs. Parkhurst. Her mother, a very old lady from Maine, is visiting her, and pork and greens are so old-fashioned.

Mrs. Parkhurst didn't see Mrs. Tibbetts' card in the basket, and her messenger, who was sent for the doctor at the same time, gave the basket to one of the Parkhursts' maids without any explanation. The Parkhurst family had got to their after-dinner coffee by the time the basket reached them. As it had come mysteriously, Mrs. Parkhurst looked for some token of the donor, and found the card.

She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and her face flushed as she read the name aloud.

"Augusta Tibbetts! why Addie—why Addie! and cowslip greens, in the clover-leaf china that was her mother's—the chiny that Augustus Pritchard had when he married Nahum French! It's just as if 'twas yesterday." The wrinkled hands that lifted the clover-leaf china cover trembled visibly, and a tear came near falling upon the pork and greens. Grandma was childish, the Parkhurst children thought.

"I don't see how she came to do it," murmured Mrs. Parkhurst.

"It's holdin' out the olive branch, Addie, and it ain't Christian not to take it so!" said the old woman, brokenly. "Life is too short for lastin' bitterness; we was young together, and like own folks! Why, Enoch and Hiram Tibbetts are own folks."

"Sh!" Mrs. Parkhurst laid her hand on her mother's, and glanced warningly at her husband.

"They're the kind that hold a grudge—both of them," she said, in a low tone. Enoch Parkhurst arose and left the table silently. He was a taciturn man by nature, and of late the habit of silence had grown upon him. The old lady said she thought Enoch was burdened; old eyes are dimmed to some things only to be opened wider to others; his wife and the children said he was always so; he had so many business cares.

As he closed the dining-room door behind him Enoch Parkhurst put his hand to his head.

"Hiram Tibbetts! he could save me," he murmured; "he would have done it once—now it's impossible."

"Addie, you'll take me to-morrow to see Augusta Tibbetts, won't you?" grandma was saying as the door closed.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are something like forty thousand public schools in Japan. The buildings are comfortable and education is compulsory.

—The Methodist National university, Washington, D. C., has received an endowment of \$100,775 for the chair of history from a New York woman. The fund for the proposed hall of history now amounts to \$101,250.

—It is estimated that the Protestant churches of America, Great Britain and Europe are represented in their work for other lands by 9,000 missionaries and more than 50,000 native workers, and have expended during the past year about \$12,500,000.

—Rev. Dr. Merrick, S. J., former president of St. Francis Xavier's college, has returned to New York after an absence of some years. Ill-health obliged him to retire for a time from active duty, and he has spent the last few years in comparative quiet in Boston.

—The famous Dr. Duff once said to an Edinburgh audience that if the ladies of that city would give him merely the cost of that portion of their silk dresses that swept the pavements of the streets he would, with that money, support all his mission schools in India.

—A Press Prayer union, to associate in Christian interest persons connected with the press, has been formed in London. It is hoped that similar organizations for promoting the spiritual well being of those who are engaged on the press will be formed in other large centers.

—The Biddford (Me.) school board proposes to build an addition to the school building in the town, and the citizens have suggested that the addition take the form of a high board fence, built in front of the building, in order to "hide the architectural monstrosity from the public gaze."

—Gen. Booth, in one of his recent salvation talks in Scotland, referring to the angels who had warned Lot and his family to leave the doomed city said: "I do like these angels. When I go to Heaven and have got over the first surprise at all I shall see there I'll go and have a cup of tea with them."

—One of the most remarkable churches is to be found at Freuden-thal, in the Black Forest. It is built on such a plan that the men are unable to see the women, and vice versa, for it is composed of two wings, which meet at an angle where the pulpit stands. The right wing is allotted to men and the left one to women of the congregation.

—Cincinnati has a new \$1,500 "gospel wagon"—a gift to a Methodist society of that town from T. A. Snyder, a rich layman. It is fitted in elegant style, the body being of sage green, with jet moldings, while the interior is finished in cream enamel. Fourteen people can be seated comfortably, while space in the center is reserved for the preacher.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Baptist Union throws out a warning note concerning those Sabbath school teachers who are usually attacked about this season of the year with what it calls the "give-ups." For this deplorable malady it offers the following prescription: "Rise early Sunday morning, read over the Sunday lesson, think over the list of children in the class, recall the anxiety of the superintendent; having taken these preliminary steps, take a few doses of patience, use a few grains of common sense, take a brisk walk toward the Sunday-school room, ask God to bless the medicine and repeat one week later."

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

A NEGRO'S GRATITUDE.

An Instance of Rare Faithfulness on the Part of an Ex-Slave.

A wealthy slave-owner of the cotton belt entered the southern army, fought bravely and brilliantly, and died in one of the closing battles of the war. His widow was left penniless, with large plantations incumbered with mortgages, and a hundred or more emancipated negroes who had ceased to be her property.

Her business affairs were mismanaged by agents and lawyers, and she lost one plantation after another. Her health failed, and in her old age she became wholly dependent upon one of her former slaves.

This negro was grateful to her for having given him a start after the war. Learning from experience that she could not manage her plantations successfully, she had rewarded the fidelity of a small group of emancipated slaves by deeding over to them outright small farms. This negro received in this way a farm of twenty-six acres with a cabin.

He prospered from the outset. He made a living out of his ground, and saved every year a little money. In the course of a few years he bought another farm and doubled his resources. Other purchases followed, until he was a truck farmer with considerable wealth.

He did not forget his old plantation mistress in his prosperity. When she had lost all her property, and there was no other friend to take care of her in her old age, this negro rescued her from destitution. He became her most faithful friend.

Both are still living. On the first day of every month the negro farmer draws a check for one hundred dollars, and sends it to the aged lady whose slave he was in boyhood. At first she was unwilling to become his pensioner, but he pressed help upon her with tears in his eyes, telling her that he would never have got on in the world if she had not generously aided him by giving him the first farm.

His bounty is now her only recourse, and no millionaire in the land is happier than he is when "pay-day" comes around, and he can send his check to his kind-hearted "old misses."

The other negroes whom she befriended after the war have been either improvident or ungrateful, but one at least had the energy and thrift required for making him a well-to-do farmer, and the heart to take compassion on a friendless and unfortunate woman who had once been kind to him.

This is a true story, which illustrates the tender feeling sometimes existing between the negro and his former master, and the gratitude which good treatment may inspire even in a despised race.—Youth's Companion.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

—The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ever, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Swift made a special study of the Latin satirist and imitated their style and language.

—Baxter read only the Bible, and best enjoyed the prophecies of Isaiah and the Psalms.

—Wadsworth was fond of the poetry of Burns, but said the latter was too rough and uncouth.

—Alexander the Great always slept with a copy of Homer under his pillow. His life was modeled after that of Achilles.

—Byron's mother was an ill-tempered, passionate woman, very indignant in her language. She called him "a crippled brat." Her influence on him was as permanent as it was bad.

—Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson is living in a house on Russian hill, San Francisco, with Mrs. Virgil Williams, widow of the artist who was one of Stevenson's intimates. To Mr. and Mrs. Williams the novelist dedicated "The Silverado Squatters."

—It is said that the words, "Reserve the cots for the two most uninteresting babies," always accompany the check which Miss Gould sends each year for the support of two beds in the babies' shelter connected with the Church of the Holy Communion, New York city.

—Ole Olson came to East Lynne, Ia., from Sweden seven years ago and bought a farm of 220 acres on time. A few days ago he sold at an advance of \$25 an acre. This, with what he made on the crops, gives him about \$15,000, and he and his family are going back to Sweden to live in luxury.

—Capt. Francis Martin, of Detroit, who has just passed his ninety-fifth birthday, was present at the burial of Gen. Bonaparte in 1821. Martin was coming from the East Indies on a trader and the ship stopped at the isle of St. Helena. The ex-emperor of France had just passed away, and Martin was one of the little group that witnessed the interment.

—An international list of anatomical terms, "Nomina Anatomica," has just been completed in Germany under the direction of Prof. Koliker, of Wurzburg. The editor is W. Krause. It is intended to secure uniformity in the use of terms throughout the world, and for this purpose will be revised by a standing committee of the Anatomical society, to which proposed changes in names and new terms must be submitted.

—Rubinstein's "Christ" has been performed as a "religious play" on the state of the Bremen stadt theater. It is divided into seven scenes with a prologue and an epilogue. The prologue represents the birth of Christ, with the shepherds and the procession of the three kings. The scenes selected are the temptation in the wilderness, the baptism in Jordan, the sermon on the mount, followed by the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and the raising from the dead of the widow's son, the purification of the temple, the last supper, Christ before Pilate, and the crucifixion. The epilogue is the victory of Christianity. Raimund von Yrmutten took the part of Christ. Care was taken to carry out all the composer's ideas with regard to the representation. It was artistically successful and was received in a reverent spirit by the audience.

—Bray—"My dear fellow—two umbrellas! What on earth is that for?" Jay—"Why, in case I leave one anywhere."—"Tut-tut."

—Inference—"I think Bilkins must go into very low society." "Why?" "He says he has been best man at no less than twelve weddings."—Detroit Tribune.

—Taktin—"Artley had a perfect picture at the academy last night." Gadabout—"I didn't see it. Where did it hang?" Taktin—"Oh, on his arm, principally."—"Truth."

—Casey—"What made Mulligan fall off de ladder? Did his fut slip?" Reilly—"It did not. Oi told him a joke an hour ago an' sure he just now tumbled."—Philadelphia Record.

—Our English slang is very queer. According to report, A 6-foot-6 high bank cashier in his accounts is short.

—N. Y. Recorder.

—Hojack—"The air seems rarer than it used to be." Tomdick—"Well, perhaps it is rarer. You know that a good deal is being used in pneumatic bicycle tires now."—Harper's Bazar.

—An Illinois man, who has been traveling in Vermont, was not favorably impressed with the scenery. "Why, b'gosh," he said, "thar ain't a prairie in the hull dinged state that ain't tilted up to an angle of about forty-five degrees."—Puck.

—A tiny girl spoke very scornfully of babies. "Don't speak that way!" said her mother; "it isn't very long since you were a baby yourself." "I know it," she said, looking what she felt, "and I'm ashamed enough of it!"—Boston Transcript.

—"Poor little creature!" exclaimed Uncle Allen to the mosquito that was buzzing about him. "There's room in this great world for both you and me. * * * But you shouldn't try to crowd me," he added a moment later as the insect alighted on his nose. And he crushed it remorselessly. —Chicago Tribune.

—"Do you smoke much?" asked Patlow. "Three a day on an average," said Dawkins. "Why, you've smoked nine to my knowledge to-day!" said Patlow. "Yes," said Dawkins. "But you must remember that I didn't smoke at all until I was fifteen. I'm catching up on the average."—Harper's Bazar.

—"You needn't tell me the women have no sense of humor," said Ricketts to Fosdick. "Well?" "I overheard a stutering man propose once. He said 'I l-love y-y-you d-d-devotedly, m-m-m-d-d-d-dear B-B-B-Blanche. W-w-w-will y-y-you m-m-m-marry m-m-me?' And after the delivery of this declaration on the installment plan, the mix had the audacity to say: 'Oh, George, this is so sudden.'"—Town Topics.

—"Do you smoke much?" asked Patlow. "Three a day on an average," said Dawkins. "Why, you've smoked nine to my knowledge to-day!" said Patlow. "Yes," said Dawkins. "But you must remember that I didn't smoke at all until I was fifteen. I'm catching up on the average."—Harper's Bazar.

—"You needn't tell me the women have no sense of humor," said Ricketts to Fosdick. "Well?" "I overheard a stutering man propose once. He said 'I l-love y-y-you d-d-devotedly, m-m-m-d-d-d-dear B-B-B-Blanche. W-w-w-will y-y-you m-m-m-marry m-m-me?' And after the delivery of this declaration on the installment plan, the mix had the audacity to say: 'Oh, George, this is so sudden.'"—Town Topics.

—"Do you smoke much?" asked Patlow. "Three a day on an average," said Dawkins. "Why, you've smoked nine to my knowledge to-day!" said Patlow. "Yes," said Dawkins. "But you must remember that I didn't smoke at all until I was fifteen. I'm catching up on the average."—Harper's Bazar.

—"You needn't tell me the women have no sense of humor," said Ricketts to Fosdick. "Well?" "I overheard a stutering man propose once. He said 'I l-love y-y-you d-d-devotedly, m-m-m-d-d-d-dear B-B-B-Blanche. W-w-w-will y-y-you m-m-m-marry m-m-me?' And after the delivery of this declaration on the installment plan, the mix had the audacity to say: 'Oh, George, this is so sudden.'"—Town Topics.